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himself, and opened a large studio and school), is one of the most distinctive exponents of this style. There is, however, not only a tender earnestness and dignity about his figures, but some of the more youthful have the most refined and saint-like beauty. "Christ's Charge to Peter," in the Sistine Chapel, is one of the best of his numerous frescoes. But Perugino's greatest glory was, that he was the master of Raphael. Pinturicchio (of Perugia) executed some fine frescoes in Rome, and also adorned the walls of the Libreria, attached to the Duomo of Siena, with a series of historical representations. The youthful Raphael assisted in these compositions; and some of his drawings still in existence are said to be much more beautiful, more full of mind, than the large pictures executed from them. Lo Spagno (the Spaniard) was, next to Raphael, the most distinguished of Perugino's scholars. The father of Raphael, Giovanni Sanzio, of the neighboring Urbino, was by no means an inferior painter. But an artist of far more importance was Francesco Francia, of Bologna. The fine specimen of this master in the National Gallery proves he is entitled to rank with Perugino, with whom he has considerable affinity. He has the same delicate sentiment; but his type of countenance is less peculiar and unearthly. The best of Francia's works are the frescoes in S. Cecilia at Bologna.

Lastly, we find the early Neapolitan school greatly influenced by the importation of Flemish oil pictures. Colantonio del Fiore is the first name we meet with; but the school was principally established by Antonio Solario, surnamed Lo Zingaro, from having been a Gipsy in early life. He is said to have been a smith, and to have learned the art out of love to Colantonio's daughter. His frescoes are remarkable for their fine landscape backgrounds.

(To be continued.)

THE great artist moulders in the tomb, but his works live in the self-sustaining freshness of nature. Age after age passes away, and they still beam forth in beauty upon one generation after another. In calm disdain, as it were, of the petty and transitory interests, pursuits, opinions, passions of the day, they continue with undecaying power, as years roll on, to address themselves to the great principles of our common nature, soothing the cares, elevating the thoughts, stirring in the very depth of the heart the thrilling emotions of natural sympathy, or awakening there the sleeping sense of the great, the sublime, or the holy.—*Verplanck.*

It is impossible to communicate a profound knowledge of Art to the multitude, but it is quite possible and highly desirable to cultivate their feeling of it; and there are no more effectual means to this end, than by associating it in their minds with the objects of their reverence or their daily interest. The feeling of the people must ever remain very far below the conscious perceptions of the accomplished artist; but the History of Art has no more interesting department than that which treats of the æsthetical education of society.—*British and Foreign Review.*

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1861.

Sketchings.

THE PRESS ON THE CRAYON.

SEEING that our journal is ostensibly devoted to the interests of Art and artists, that we rise or fall as they rise or fall in public estimation, and that the higher the standard of Art is with artists, the more limited the class in the community is to whom they or we can appeal, we have no reason to complain of the CRAYON being neglected by our brethren of the Press.

Many editors have continued with praiseworthy motives to give us a monthly notice and to recommend our journal and its cause to public attention and support. Others, no doubt, would have done likewise if they had been more free from the cares and anxieties of their arduous pursuits.

Believing that it is very advisable to see occasionally our own reflection in others' editorial mirrors, lest like the old lady we might mistake the lines of age for the dimples of youth, we have concluded to publish a few of the late notices with which we have been favored, with such remarks as they may suggest.

The first is from the Congregationalist (Boston), which has continued to be one of our best friends.

THE CRAYON for January, 1861, is promptly on our table. We especially dislike some sentences in its editorial article, where a most absurd and needless attack is made upon the pulpits of the land. The CRAYON ought to know better than to utter such trash. In other respects the number is good.

We regret that any sentences of ours should prove distasteful to this journal, as nothing more was meant by us than what would be approved of by our contemporary if rightly understood. We never questioned the use and importance of the pulpit knowingly, to deprecate the abuse of it was our only object. We know it is difficult to guard against the abuse of anything in these days, but we think abuses of this kind should meet with rebuke. We have sat under but too many pulpits where secular matters were needlessly drawn in to the exclusion of something much better and higher. Our next is from the Newport Mercury (R. I.)

THE CRAYON for December closes the seventh volume of this valuable art publication—the only one worthy of the name in the United States. Its pages are always filled with the most reliable information, essays on various subjects connected with the various departments of art, criticisms, reviews, extracts, and in fact all that could possibly appertain to a work of this description.

Of these flattering remarks we shall say no more than to pledge ourselves for the future to the obligation of maintaining our good repute with our editorial friend as far as we are able.

We have now to give one from the Sunny South, where, we are happy to say, we have many warm friends. It is from the Augusta Chronicle (Ga.)

THE CRAYON.—Our readers are referred to the advertise-

ment of that excellent Art magazine—the CRAYON—in another column. Being mainly devoted to the development and elevation of American art, to the encouragement and guidance of artists, to creating a love for the pure and the beautiful, to honest, manly criticism upon artists and their works, and to that line of policy which looks to the highest interests and rewards for genuine talent in art-labors—it has the strongest claims upon the patronage of an intelligent American public. Many articles of value and interest have appeared in its pages the past year—translations, reviews, correspondence, poems, sketches, etc. The circle of cultivated readers to which it particularly addresses itself is, we are happy to know, rapidly widening and augmenting; and we shall expect it to receive such liberal support in the future as to establish its permanence and usefulness beyond peradventure.

We hope that in art matters we shall have perpetual union between North and South, and that both will continue to vie with each other in the advancement of our national art and art glory. United we stand, divided we fall is the ever living moral rule of all genuine art. Let politicians assume the good feeling, fellowship and unselfishness of artists generally, and the monster disunion will soon be banished from our country.

The Taunton Gazette (Mass.), favors us with the following, for which we feel greatly indebted. It has always shown a disposition to give our Journal a hold upon the lovers of Art, and we doubt not that what it has said has borne fruit.

In devoting its pages mainly to Art, the CRAYON fills an important place in our critical literature; while in both its original and selected matter it presents the broadest and most catholic views. The leading article entitled "Thoughts on the use of the Vulgar and the Mean in Art," is from Schiller, and is an ingenious and suggestive essay. Such inquiries cannot fail to be beneficial to art students; and the style and treatment of the subject are such as to entertain the general reader. In the "Comparative Analysis of Dante and Milton," we have a learned and thoughtful article. The author shows an intimate acquaintance with the "Divine Comedy" and "Paradise Lost," and that she is qualified to criticise some of the leading critics of those great works. In "Miniature Painting on Ivory and Enamel," we have a minute and most instructive account of a laborious and charming art, with some mention of the men whose names are forever associated with its master-pieces. In "Domestic Art Gossip" we find notices of whatsoever is conspicuous of our own recent achievements in marble or on canvas, as well as any movement which is designed to cultivate the taste of the people.

It will be perceived by this cursory notice of a portion of the table of contents of the CRAYON, that it is alive to the importance of a knowledge of underlying principles, and of thorough culture, in order to the attainment of high art; and that its writers are skillful to entertain the reader without losing sight of their lofty aim. With such objects and such accomplishments no periodical can be more worthy of support, and all lovers of Art should help to sustain it.

In giving the following notice from the Christian Freeman (Boston), we dare say but little. The sincerity and fervency with which this glowing notice of the CRAYON is written, will appeal strongly enough to our readers. To give a high position to Art and artists,

that which both deserve, has been our most earnest purpose. To have fallen short of our duty in this respect will not, we hope, lessen the honesty of our intentions. There is a disposition to desecrate Art by those who peddle in it for selfish personal purposes, that must be checked if our own best artists are to have fair play. If we are to rise to the position of European art we must sweep away all rubbish, both of foreign and home growth, and open out broad public pathways for the real art genius of the nation, and make our people sensible of the importance of making such selections in their purchases as will reflect credit on themselves and push forward the growing interests of our national art. With these remarks we shall let our friend of the Christian Freeman speak:

Six years ago the CRAYON was born into the world. We welcomed the announcement of its birth with joy. It came as an augury of good for the future. We felt that true art was, to a lamentable extent, neglected in this country. Amid the extreme utilitarian spirit of the American people, it hungered and thirsted like a weary traveller in the midst of an arid waste; or struggled as a solitary soldier encompassed by a host of adversaries. Genius rose, fought, starved—and then was transplanted on another continent, to flourish,—while it remembered its native country with bitterness. Paintings demanded a lottery, so that they might at length reach the parlors of the money-making American citizen. In the midst of these disheartening circumstances, the CRAYON was announced. It promised its influence in behalf of the high and true interests of the art, for which it was especially to be an advocate. Here, we thought, has come a test. Can this journal live in this country, by devoting itself to its promised labor? It is the first trial of the kind. Will a few months or a few years find it living, or dead? If living, then shall we be filled with new hopes. If dead —

Six years have now passed. Thank God! it is living. You ask us, respected reader, what there is in this matter to so warmly thank God about. We will tell you. God in his infinite wisdom has placed Art among men, as one of the great leading powers by which the progress of civilization is to be accomplished. Where Art lacks healthy life, there civilization itself wants life in the same proportion. No gorgeous pomp and circumstance, no brilliant show and glittering display, no fictitious admiration, or loud-sounding praise, will be able to obliterate the proof. The advance of true art is a test of the advance of true civilization. And the encouragement of true art, moreover, is indicated by the encouragement of a journal devoted to its interests, with zeal, ability, a pure spirit, and high conscientiousness. This is the reason we thank God that the CRAYON is still living.

After a trial of six years, it commences a new volume, with the power to say, "I have kept my promise." It promised to devote itself to the highest interests of Art, and it has done so. If, instead of being the teacher, it had pandered to corrupted taste, for the improvement of which it was to be devoted, it might have commanded, perhaps, more subscribers. But it has preferred an honorable course to a mercenary one. For this it deserves the commendation, and what is better, the substantial encouragement, of every person.

Every household should have this journal in its possession. As attractive as it has been in years past, the editor promises, in his annual address, to make it yet more so.

We cannot, ourselves, conceive wherein much improvement can be made, for it has been conducted, heretofore, with great taste and judgment. Its pages have been rich with instruction for the artist and art-lover, while they have abounded in attractions and interest for the general reader.

The sober and discriminating World of our own city gives the CRAYON the benefit of its well-deserved influence by the following notice which we copy from a late number. We hope the World may see the close affinity between the efforts of our journal and itself in trying to give public opinion a higher moral standard in its judgment of men and things.

The CRAYON commences its eighth volume with a most interesting and instructive compilation of papers on Art and correlative æsthetic matters. During the six years of this journal's existence, its editor has proved himself true to the expressive text chosen for its title page :

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—*St. Paul.*

The CRAYON is conducted with conscientious fidelity to a high standard of art criticism. With that modesty which grows out of a love for, or study of, the harmonies of the beautiful and the good, its manager has forborne to resort to the blatant methods now so generally used for the purpose of forcing a serial upon public attention. All who feel interested in the growth of correct taste should lend a hearty effort to the practical extension of its influence.

We shall conclude by giving the following from the Boston Transcript, which is sufficiently flattering to our contributors, and equally intelligent as to what it says relative to their varied contributions to the CRAYON. We are much more desirous to have the labors of our contributors properly appreciated by our friends of the press than any efforts of our own, however laborious.

We have received the June number of this valuable journal of Art. It has now been established upwards of six years, and has steadily advanced in public estimation as its peculiar merits have become gradually known. There is no magazine in the country which has received less newspaper notice, and few which have deserved more, than this unpretending but able vehicle for the thoughtful opinions of artists and men of letters. We have repeatedly seen in it papers which would do credit, in respect to depth and delicacy of criticism and beauty of style, to any journal of the kind in existence. It is conducted on the principle that whatever relates to the essential elements, processes and purposes of Art, has an attraction for those interested in literature as well as for those more especially interested in sculpture and painting, and some of the finest essays which it has published have been on literary subjects.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

NEW YORK.—The first Artists' Reception of the season came off at Dodworth's on the evening of the 10th ult. A larger and more brilliant assembly we have not seen at the Receptions since their organization. We fancied there were not so many works exhibited as on some of the previous occasions, but what there were possessed no less interest. Among the attractions we noticed White's "Huguenots," a "Sunset" by Church, two cabinet portraits and an ideal called "Wood Dreams" by Gray, a child's head and two small por-

traits by Baker, a study by Greene, a lady's portrait by Stone, an "Autumnal Sunset" by Gifford, "Gibraltar" by Dix, a "Family-group" by Lang, "Eagle Rock" by Nichols, a "Puritan" by Huntington, a series of landscapes and studies from nature by J. M. Hart, Bellows, W. Hart, Hubbard, Whitredge, Shattuck, Bristol, Kensett, Brevoort, Durand and others, with several examples of animal life by Tait, Waterman and Hays. Among novelties of minor consideration were several black-walnut frames, a style of frame that seems to be gaining in favor. Fine music from Mr. Dodworth's band enlivened the scene, acting upon the audience like

— bugle-tones in battle

As signal notes that bid each tongue's artillery rattle.

Nobody can complain for it inspired many a thought in grateful appreciation of artistic delights.

While chronicling entertainments provided by artists at home, we are reminded of some late information respecting the labors of those in foreign countries. That interesting contributor to Dwight's Journal of Music, the "Diarist," writes from Paris as follows :

I have spent many of my hours of forced leisure in visiting the studios of American painters and students of painting here, and here are some notes upon them.

Cranch—our well known "C. P. C."—poet and painter—has now nearly or quite finished several pretty large pictures ; two are views of the mouth of the grand canal, Venice (one of which, in particular, has the brilliant glow of the Italian morning sky), and two are water and coast scenes in the Bay of Naples. He has also several new studies of trees and forest glades from Fontainebleau. One of the Venetian pieces, I am happy to say, has been ordered by a gentleman of Boston.

May, of New York, is just completing a large picture with figures of life-size, Columbus writing his will. The subject is, I believe, from Lamartine. The hero, a grand figure, sits supported by an attendant at a table, the pen in his fingers upon the blank leaf of a missal, but at this moment he is not writing, for his thoughts are recalling the scenes of his past life, and dwelling upon the ingratitude which veils his last years in sadness. Two other pictures in progress, and much less in size, are the Murder of Admiral Coligny, and the duel scene in the village inn, from Waverly.

Boughton, of New York, whose studies have been unfortunately interrupted by illness, has a picture of Whittier's Maud Muller under way, but he has occupied himself mostly for some time in drawing from life.

Colman, of New York, is at work upon a view of Seville, of which his brother artists speak in high terms.

Dana, of Boston, has a large picture upon the easel, "Excelsior;" the moment chosen is that in which the youth has fallen and is half buried in snow, but still holds the banner upright. The Alpine peaks with the snow are very effective. He says it is not yet finished—an artist only can tell why.

Thom, of New York, is studying with Frère at Ecouen. I am told that he exhibits remarkable talent.

Buchanan Read passed through the city some days ago on his way to Rome, after a stay of some months in England.

For the following from Rome we are indebted to a correspondent of the World.

Artistical patronage has commenced in the studios of

Rome with a liberality which indicates a judicious use of Australian gold. Mr. Josephson, a rich inhabitant of that colony, has already selected several beautiful specimens of sculpture from the productions offered to amateurs this season. The American sculptors, Messrs. Mozier and Rogers, have contributed some of the graceful works of their chisel to Mr. J.'s incipient gallery. The subject selected in Mr. Mozier's studio was his peculiarly happy and favorite conception of "Silence," in the form of a draped female figure, with her finger on her lips. Mr. Gibson's "Venus" is also destined to cross the Pacific, as are three statues from Mr. Spence's studio, among which is a repetition of the "Lady of the Lake" he is now executing for Queen Victoria.

American sculptors have labored courageously of late in the execution of marble portraits, whether of colossal or of life size, to adapt the representation of modern costume to the exigencies of sculptural lines, and Mr. Powers at Florence, and Mr. Rogers at Rome, have shown us what can be done in this way, as Mr. Mozier has demonstrated the perfect practicability of associating the Indian type and costume with the beautiful and the poetical in sculpture.

Very seldom do subjects as picturesque and full of character as that of old Grizzly Adams come in the way of artists. Launt Thompson fortunately encountered Adams in time to preserve an ideal of him for posterity. He is now modelling a bust aided by photographs secured before his death, and is doing his subject full justice.

McEntee is engaged upon several small landscapes of autumnal effects. We noticed a summer study of a cottage at Lenox, Mass., remarkable for its cheerful, sunny aspect and fine color, one of the best things he has done.

Casilear has finished a lake scene of quiet feeling, placing before us the tender clouds, delicately modelled mountains and serene sky for which his pictures are remarkable. Lake Dunmore is the title of the picture.

Church is engaged upon an Iceberg subject on a large scale. It promises to be a novel and interesting work.

Leutze's picture of "The Settlement of Maryland," now on exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery, is a work descriptive of a scene associated with the settlement of our country by Catholics. The story is admirably told, and we believe is the only artistic representation of the kind extant, of any prominence. The numerous figures that form the group on the river's bank—the emigrants, sailors, soldiers, Indians—are instinct with life and action, the Indians engaged in offering presents of the chase and the Europeans in exchanging manufactured articles for them. In the midst of the animated group, an Indian chief, and Calvert, the leader of the adventurers, stand before the altar grasping hands, pledging peace and friendship, while a priest pronounces a blessing over the compact. The details of the picture are managed with skill, and are painted with that force and precision for which Mr. Leutze is noted.

We could not visit the fine exhibition room of the Dusseldorf Gallery, provided by Mr. Derby, without bestowing a few words of admiration on it. This gallery is certainly the most elegant and appropriate one in the country. It is well proportioned, handsomely

furnished, chastely decorated and well lighted, four requirements that in our judgment make a complete thing of a public picture gallery. Mr. Hamilton, the architect, is, we believe, entitled to all the honors for the design and its execution.

The sale of the Artist's Fund Society, on the 24th ult., realized all the anticipations in regard to it, the pictures bringing more than the sum at which they were valued at. Over two thousand dollars were obtained.

W. S. Mount has been painting a picture, the subject, "Girl returning from the Orchard."

Wust has completed a large and fine marine subject characteristic of the Mt. Desert region. He is now engaged on a View of the White Mountains.

Boston.—Our art-loving friends now look in vain for news from this city in your welcome journal, and, with your permission, we will keep you posted in regard to art matters here. [A permission most cordially given.—Ed.] Of course, in these panic times, there is not much doing in the fine arts, and our artists are interested with the rest of the nation, in news from the South. Most of the new pictures are placed for sale and exhibition at Williams & Everett's, and their fine gallery is the place to mark the improvement of our artists. We notice there now a fine landscape by Champney, one of the New Hampshire lakes, treated in his usual artistic manner; a very spirited fish picture, by Brackett; and in the way of coast scenes, two very fine pictures of Nahant scenery, painted with great truth to nature, by Griggs; and Long Beach, Lynn, from the easel of Mr. Hodgden.

Wight's Sleeping Beauty has also been on exhibition here, and opinions vary as to its merits, although all agree it is a fine piece of color.

Ordway has recovered from his illness, and is busy painting landscapes.

Young has finished a head of Everett, which is much admired, and is called the best likeness of this distinguished orator.

Gerry is busy upon two large pictures—one of the subjects taken from sketches made while in Switzerland last year.

The artists are to have a studio building, which is now in progress of erection, on Tremont street, and which promises to be an ornament to this city.

We learn the receptions will not take place this winter, which very many will regret, as they have proved one of the most popular entertainments we have ever had here.

Ball's statue of Washington is progressing finely, and gives promise of being a noble and strikingly beautiful work of art. The artist has a studio built for the purpose, near the Chickering factory, and is now busy modelling the horse.

The Art Club have had several meetings, with a view of revising their constitution, and putting the Club upon a more permanent basis, somewhat similar to the Century Club of your city. W.

St. Louis.—Portrait painting, says a correspondent, is quite slack here. The best men who "take off" "the human face divine" are not as cheerful as I wish them.

They suffer from an influx of inferior workers, who "cut under" in price as well as quality.

"The Western Academy has closed its exhibition. A late commencement, and, apparently, not enough judiciously distributed advertising to make the exhibition known, account for a revenue that was less than it should have been. The expenses were hardly paid. Next year we look forward, from the experience gained, to larger receipts and diminished expenses. Rumor has it that the Council have elected as Associates *all* the professional exhibitors, which is certainly a liberal procedure; it makes the standard of merit necessary to achieve rank number two (Academician being rank number one) of a not very difficult attainment. Determined to facilitate the students' operations, the Council have purchased several paintings from the exhibition. Among these are two large landscapes by Starkenburgh, cleanly and carefully handled, and full of excellent daylight effect; "A Penitent Magdalen," by Waugh, and "A Peasant Girl," by Sully, much like one of Rembrandt's works. They have given commissions to Wimer and Meeker, and they aim to purchase as fast as practicable a series of choice works of various schools and departments of art to serve academic purposes, and to form a permanent exhibition to which a small admission fee will be charged. The exhibition will be made as attractive as possible by the introduction of such works as can be obtained either of the home or foreign schools. The gentlemen moving in this matter have no axes to grind. They step forward actuated only by a desire to advance public taste and give to St. Louis what every city of her size should have, a permanent picture gallery—and I am hopeful enough to believe that some time not far off some of our opulent citizens will endow this undertaking so liberally that there may be *free* access to it. Further, I do trust that the collection will be first enriched with the best works of the American school; and, as you know, good specimens of the "honored dead" are already scarce and daily being enhanced in price, the acquisition had better be begun soon.

"McDonald is bringing to completion a statue of "Italia." The figure rests on the right foot; she holds a sword and broken fetters in her hand, and her action betokens defiance. It is the most important work he has undertaken, and I will write further of it when it is completed.

"Wimer is overrun with orders. He recently stepped aside from easel pictures to assist a decorator, and getting on a high scaffolding, painted the centre-piece of the ceiling of the Union bank, placing there a design at once original and happily appropriate.

The schools of the Western Academy are not yet open, but it is expected they will commence soon under the direction of Mr. Schultze, professor elect.

A school for study of "Local Life Character" has been started by a few artists and amateurs, who seek to improve in study of the "draped figure." The professional artists interested are McDonald, President; Noble, Secretary; J. S. Brown, Treasurer, and Hastings, Hincley and Eichbaum. Accommodation for the school is gratuitously furnished by Mr. McDonald.

BALTIMORE.—"The Hermit of the Alleghanies" is the title of a new picture just painted by Colonel John R. Johnston, by far the most beautiful and artistic picture from the easel of this popular artist. The scene represents the mountains on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, above Piedmont, as seen from the residence of Ex-Governor Frank Thomas.

VERMONT.—Mead, who resides at Brattleboro, has on hand several works, two of which just completed in marble, are statuettes with subjects of local interest, a "Green Mountain Girl," and a "Green Mountain Boy." Another is a statuette of large size, called the "Dream of Fame." His statue of Ethan Allen, commissioned by the State and some months in progress, will be finished and inaugurated next October.

TROY.—An exhibition is to open in this city early in February, to close March 2d. Snedecor is the agent for the collection of pictures in New York.

ERRATUM.—In our last number, in mentioning Mr. Hicks' full-length portrait of Governor King, we spoke of it as a portrait of the "Hon. Rufus King." Our late worthy Governor's name is John A. King, and how we came to write it otherwise we cannot explain to ourselves.

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Brooklyn Academy of Music, Leopold Eidlitz, architect, is an effort at a free translation of mediæval motives into a building of the nineteenth century, and as it is not a mere copy or a production in a beaten track, it deserves a special notice. We do not propose to weary our readers with statistical details of length, breadth, depth or height, and shall simply give our impressions of the structure as a work of art.

The position of the building, standing with its long side on Montague street, is not a favorable one, for the reason that there is no point from which the whole façade can be taken in in one comprehensive view. This is more to be regretted as each portion of the structure, the porch, the audience part, the stage, the green-room and actors' department, are treated symmetrically by themselves, and at the same time relatively to a harmonious whole. For lack of space, all this thought cannot be fully appreciated. The casual observer can only study the building sectionally from the spot he stands on opposite to the part he contemplates. But here he will have enough to study, and to enjoy if he possesses artistic feeling. Let him admire the windows singly and in groups, their fine proportions and arrangement, the columns and well-cut capitals, the beautiful brick cornice over the porch, and above all, the majesty and grandeur of the edifice, stamping it as a work of art, and elevating it above the mere hugeness of a constructed mass. The materials are Philadelphia brick and Dorchester stone, the former predominating perhaps too much, except in the porch, where there is a reasonable proportion of each. The cornice throughout ought to have been of stone, as more in keeping with the character of the building. But what there is of a cornice is honest, and in itself highly meritorious, especially the part, previously alluded to, over the porch. Contrast this with the wooden and zinc abominations that abound in Broadway!

We like the roof, and would advise an ornamental ridge-piece as a more satisfactory sky-line.

Notwithstanding the ecclesiastical seriousness that some have attributed to the Academy, because serious and Gothic are ignorantly held by many to be synonymous adjectives, we regard the effort to erect a Gothic temple to the Muses as eminently successful. Art, when it is true, noble art like this, sanctifies any style. What we want is the genius to employ it, and to prove the rich mines and beautiful resources at its command, and this Mr. Eidlitz furnishes. Such buildings convey instruction much beyond the dry alphabet of style-details.

We find the interior treated in the same constructive style, besides boldly and successfully inaugurating a new style of decoration. We find here the first effort to substitute for meretricious architectural display the more appropriate graces of color.

Why is it that the great element of color in architectural beauty is so sadly neglected? One thousand dollars judiciously expended on color, equals tens of thousands wasted on fallacious ornament, particularly if that ornament is neither true to itself, to the material it is composed of, nor to the construction it is intended to adorn. It is clearly demonstrated in the Brooklyn Academy of Music that both construction and material, if truthfully and skillfully treated—no matter how simple in form or detail—constitute, when thoroughly decorated, a whole, infinitely richer than any combination of caryatides, useless columns, violent brackets, huge, unmeaning foliage and exaggerated cornices and entablatures. The interior of a theatre is eminently a wood construction, and these stereotyped details, emanating as they do from the corruptest of the corrupt French periods of art, are not applicable, to say nothing of the putty and papier-maché deceptions that abound in them. In the Brooklyn Academy there is evidently no fear of *pure* color, nor do the contrasts exceed that moderation which is necessary to initiate our public into an appreciation of color.

The Brooklyn Academy suggests a wide field of comment in relation to artistic taste. We refrain, however, hoping to return to the matter again.

We close our notice by complimenting the directors on the success of their labors. It is to their intelligence that we owe a noble monument, adequately representing in its architectural forms and decoration the spirit of music that created it.

LONG ISLAND PROGRESS IN ART.

OYSTER POND POINT, L. I., January 6, 1861.

Dear Crayon:

Having been introduced to your readers a year ago by Mr. Prose Perkins as a new artist, I consider that I have a special claim to your and their attention. Mr. Perkins might now, as he did then, have saved me the trouble of writing to you about my own performances. But, somehow or other, he has lost his taste for art. He never visits my studio, and hasn't written a line about me since that letter to your journal last February. That letter stimulated people here to do something for art. It did a great deal of good. People who love oysters like to see them painted—it is grateful to their feelings; and if this feeling could only be kept up by

the press, I might become a highly popular artist and have plenty of commissions. I tell you what, Mr. Crayon, I, for one, don't like to have friends write about me *once* in the papers and then drop me and say no more about me. It looks as if they had no faith in me. If Mr. Perkins had kept on, as I thought he would, when I treated him so civilly, I would have gone through in spite of the times, and have been spared the mortification of studying art in my unsold efforts.

Since I am forced to do my own writing, I propose to let you know what I have been painting since I quit the oyster line. I wish you to understand that I never regarded painting oysters in any other light than as an initiatory step in art—though I didn't tell Perkins so. I painted them because people here liked them and were familiar with their habits; I treated oysters ideally in order to get a living. To me oysters were the first course in nature and art as they are to a dinner—they promoted my appetite for better things. After I finished the pictures of "Happy as a Clam" and "The Rat and the Oyster" (which they bought at Stony Brook, where Mount lives, Mount having stopped painting funny pictures), I thought I would attempt something more spiritual. I didn't let out my intention to everybody I met, I tell you. I went to work at once, determined to let my ideas have their full force in the finished picture. I knew people would understand my thought just so soon as I announced a poetical title, and this I meant to keep to myself until the picture was done. You will see in the sequel that I was right.

A good deal having been said in your paper and in others about fine interiors by French artists, it struck me that I ought to paint something of that sort. I can prove to people that I know what the artist's mission is, and that I can paint something besides landscape. I accordingly began an interior, and chose for a model the house where I boarded as the best interior at hand. I made thoughtful studies of the doors, windows and walls, the chairs and tables, the pots, kettles, pans and tubs in the kitchen, and the beds, pillows and curtains of the sleeping rooms, omitting no place but the parlor, into which the folks wouldn't let light enough come to paint by. I tell you what, old Smith (that's my landlord's name) and the old woman and their daughter Susan, were tickled to death to see me at work so. The old fellow never said a word about the money I owed him for board all the time I was at these studies. Susan provided a red-and-white scent-bottle, a china match-box, and a lot of things from her dressing table too numerous to mention. I didn't really know what to do with these articles; I painted the scent-bottle and the match-box, however, to get color, and I may say to oblige Susan. It was lucky I did, I tell you, as you will see further on. Well, after completing my studies, I dashed away at the picture itself. It would do no good to relate how the composition bothered me, how I painted in and painted out, how I was plagued with cross lines and ugly forms and angles, such as chair-posts and table-legs intermingled with the cursed patches of black belonging to the pots and kettles of the

kitchen, which I dared not omit in a picture embodying an interior sentiment. It is enough to say that I triumphed over all obstacles and got the picture done.

You cannot, of course, have any idea of my picture without seeing it. I can tell you how it affected the best mind of *this* place, and you will see a confirmation of some of your theories about art. You will see that the true end of art is attained by any work stamping its meaning on a sympathetic mind, the recognition of it by this mind demonstrating the existence of the "anointed" eye, as Page says. Such a work shows us that it is the seal of an elective affinity between the artist's spirit and the observer's, and the overwhelming evidence of mutual emancipation in the absolute. (I am pretty sure I got those words right; if they are not plain to you it's not my fault.) This theory is certainly proved by the effect my picture had on the Rev. Titus Klapp, our minister here, who, in fact, reasoned out what I have just written. You see, Mr. Klapp came from Boston, and has pretty liberal opinions and clear ideas on all subjects, and has always got an idea for everything. When he is in a confidential mood, Klapp is pretty free, and not only on art but on politics and religion. Before old Smith he never says much. Long Island folks are not very particular in practice, but they are strong on all kinds of doctrine, and one has to keep silent on differences of opinion to get anything out of them. They say here a man may *do* as he pleases because it's a free country, but he's got to talk right. Well, the first man I showed my picture to was my friend Klapp.

"Pfitzer," says he, after looking at the picture a long time without speaking; "Pfitzer, you have summed up on that canvas important ideas. You have produced a symbol of eternal truth. The objective element prevails in a remarkable degree. I am confident I can discern your meaning, and if not presuming, I would ask if you did not intend, from the beginning, to represent the spirit of domesticity?"

"By thunder!" I exclaimed, interrupting him, thoughtlessly; "you have hit it exactly."

"I would," said he, "if called upon, declare the title of that picture to be 'The Spirit of Domesticity.'"

"Mr. Klapp, it's nothing else," said I. "There is only a minor difference between us. I meant to call it *The Soul* instead of the *Spirit* of Domesticity."

"All the same—the terms soul and spirit are synonymous," he replied. "Soul is the entelechy of an organized body having potential life, which means a force or power by which life develops itself in bodies destined to receive it. You have a right to use the term—you have portrayed the bodies there and you have given them the subjective soul. In the use you make of those pots and pans under the table, and the crockery upon it, you display, it is true, only its appetitive element. But this is necessary in order to approach the *animus* principle which clearly implies a conjoint union of both spirit *and* soul. You are quite right in calling your work 'The Soul of Domesticity.'"

I had no doubt of it after this explanation, and I got Klapp to write down what he said so as to be able to repeat it. Klapp didn't stop here. He is the right sort of a thinker, I can tell you.

"To show how suggestive the objective relationships of your picture are," he continued, "how its details impress me—I will just mention what I conceive to be their hidden meaning. There is the chamber furniture symbolized by that washstand in the background, so suggestive of repose and purification; and that curtain drapery so gracefully and tenderly overhanging those candlesticks, indicates the shadowy sphere of light. How beautifully the red top of that cologne bottle peers above the match-box, typifying the perfume of female character, glowing with love and unconscious of the slumbering fire beneath. Mr. Pfitzer, I think the combination of that bottle and the match-box very significant."

I tell you what, Mr. Crayon, that last was a stunner! I never dreamt of it myself, for I only painted them to please Susan. It only shows the insight those Boston people have into things. Klapp kept on.

"Pfitzer, there is occult significance in the legs of the table that support this assembly of objects on it. They might pass for the four winds of heaven, but they are not placed at equilateral angles upon an appreciable plane. Let me think a moment!—I have it—they represent the cardinal principles that support the American Union. Those two front legs symbolize Free Speech and a Free Press; the back one on the right being a little farther off in perspective, may be called Free Soil, and the one on the left that is scarcely visible, you might christen Free Art. I see no impropriety whatever in bringing art in. It has to be recognized some time or other, and I think you can do no better than anticipate its coming and prove yourself a prophetic as well as an artistic genius."

"By jingo!" I cried, forgetting his clerical character; "you are right, sir! Mr. Klapp," said I, "yours is an appreciative mind! Would that all artists were so highly favored! Would that the community could sound the depths of your understanding!"

"Pfitzer," he exclaimed, "I tell you what I'll do. I read in yesterday's paper that the Quoags people had subscribed to buy Jones' 'View of Rum Inlet' to send to England as a present to the Prince of Wales. Your work is equally meritorious and as worthy to represent American art. I will organize a subscription here and one in Maine, and the thing shall be accomplished. The Church encouraged art formerly, and I do not know why the clergy of to-day should not be active in the same divine office. Pfitzer, the idea strikes me so favorably I will set about it at once. Good morning."

Klapp put on his hat, and I thanked him gratefully as he went out the door. I tell you what, Mr. Crayon, I saw my stock rising. If I had had a three dollar bill in my pocket, I would have dispatched it to you right off, for you know what. But I hadn't, and what's more, haven't seen one since. I have no doubt Klapp meant to do what he said he would. But the fact is, these confounded secession times came on and stopped his efforts just at the time there were any quantity of subscribers ready at five dollars a head. I asked only a thousand dollars for "The Soul of Domesticity," and there wasn't one of them that would pay on account, I taking the risk

of getting more. I did not grieve for the money so much as I do to find the interest of the people in art so feeble as to lead them to repudiate such a small obligation. But so it is, and how can it be helped? I must stop now to take Susan to church to hear Klapp preach on the crisis.

Truly yours,

MATTHEW PFITZER.

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF COUNTERFEIT ART.

Some months ago a collection of pictures advertised as genuine works by French artists, indeed publicly guaranteed to be genuine, was sold at auction in this city. Among them appeared *La Lisette de Béranger*, by Merle, already known here as a very attractive work in the gallery of Mr. Aspinwall. Of course the auctioneer's *Lisette* was a duplicate; and some went so far as to pronounce it a better picture than the original at Mr. Aspinwall's. A purchaser bid it off. Not long after the sale, a letter from Merle is received here stating that the picture in the possession of Mr. Aspinwall is genuine, and that the only repetition of it is in the possession of M. Kokoreff, a Russian. On further investigation it turns out that the *Lisette* of the auction room had come from Russia, the importer and owner having so stated it at the time of the sale! A dispatch was forwarded to Russia to get at the truth of this statement—and here is the reply:

PARIS, Nov. 22, 1860.

Monsieur:

Some time ago you desired to know if the picture by Merle, *La Lisette de Béranger*, still remained in Russia. I have to inform you that Mr. Kokoreff, to whom I immediately wrote on the subject, has just replied. He says as follows: "The picture by M. Merle, *La Lisette de Béranger*, obtained in Paris, in 1857, is still in Russia in the house of one of my friends for whom I purchased it as a present." It results from this that the picture reputed to have been brought from Russia to America can only be a copy. There exists but one repetition of M. Kokoreff's picture with some alterations; it was made by Merle, and is now in the possession of Mr. Aspinwall, of New York, to whom I sold it in 1858. There is a photograph in existence, made without the knowledge of M. Merle, from a bad copy of *La Lisette de Béranger*. It is possible that this copy has been sent to America and presented as an original work. Have the kindness to communicate these facts to the parties interested and receive, etc.

The only gap to fill up is to account for the non-availability of the "guaranty." The auctioneer is said to have stated that the owner was the guaranty, and the owner had left for parts unknown.

As the sale of this counterfeit art is likely to be a great evil in this country, it is well for people to know where such art comes from and how it is disseminated. The following exposure, from the London Athenæum, furnishes some facts concerning one of its sources.

A question of some importance to Art and public morals arises out of the growing practice of copying modern pictures in our public galleries. If any one will visit the South Kensington Museum on what is called a "student's day," he

will find the galleries containing the Vernon and other gifts crowded with men and women, when not engaged in flirting, copying the pictures of that collection. It is not as students that they are so employed, but simply as manufacturers. Some persons seem to assume a monopoly of the right of copying certain pictures, especially Landseer's; and so ostensible is the purpose for which these copies are made, that they have been seen marked for sale with the prices attached to them. These copies are sold to dealers, who dispose of them, in many cases, to the ignorant as originals or *replicas* by the artist; and thus the state is to a certain extent made the encourager of frauds. Such a result . . . cannot be defended as being of the slightest utility to the promotion of Art; on the contrary, it leads to consequences which are a serious damage to it. It may be doubtful whether permission should be granted to copy any modern pictures; we should say certainly not during the life-time of the artist, and not for a long period after his death. And even when a copy is permitted, the copyist should certainly be prohibited from making more than one copy.

As further confirmation of the Athenæum's views, a correspondent of that paper says:

As regards the use of copying, I believe that no student who hopes or expects to gain even a humble place in his profession, will ever be found wasting his time in making salable copies. I do not know a much sadder sight, or a more melancholy example of the effects of being a professed copyist of pictures, than you get in walking through the galleries of the Uffizi and the Pitti in Florence, where dozens of grey-headed men may be seen working day after day at bad copies—for they are invariably bad—of the crack pictures there. And you feel at once that they have been doing the same thing for years and years, and that they will go on droning at their copies until three-score and ten arrives, and death comes and . . . releases them from their dull slavery. . . . There is neither health, wealth, peace of mind, professional position, nor anything that we work for in this world, to be gained by habitual copying of masters, dead or living, and the student who takes to it from necessity, may rely upon it that with a little energy he can earn more money much more creditably in other ways of Art. That any student, young or old, habitually copies pictures from a love of copying, no sane person will contend for a moment. It is sheer idleness that is the root of the business in the purchaser and the copyist also:—the one being too idle to educate himself to know a good picture by a young painter, wherever it may be placed in an exhibition; and the other too lazy to educate himself to paint even a third-rate original work; and both, perhaps, too timid to risk the "chaff" (banter) of private friends and public critics.

THE pride and indolence of the human spirit lead it constantly to build systems on imperfect knowledge. It has the trick of filling up out of its own fancy what it has not the diligence, the humility and the honesty to seek in nature.—*John Brown, M.D.*

THERE are many who are directing all their labor to obtain a greater accuracy in detail, while what they really want is a broader field of view, which they are capable of taking if any one would put them on the proper track.—*Boyes.*